Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, April 4, 1918 Number 5

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After July 1, Tower Hill, Wisconsin

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1918 Number 5

THE UNITY CALENDAR.

Sunday.—It is well to remember that religious service begins when religious services end.

Monday.—You are a sun of God, and your smile is the sunshine of religion breaking through.

Tuesday.—An optimist is a pessimist awakened to the real facts and forces of life.

Wednesday.—The coin of life is of real value only when it is spent, and not when it is hoarded.

Thursday.—If you cannot find heaven on this side of the grave, what greater chance have you hereafter?

Friday.—Whoever serves, or seeks to serve, his fellow-men is a true minister of God.

Saturday.—Falsehood, like the germ of tuberculosis, lingers for years in the dark, but perishes in an instant in the sunlight.

A memorial service for Celia Parker Woolley, so long and intimately associated with Unity, will be held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Sunday next, April 7, 4 p. m., to which all friends are cordially invited.

The National Institution for Moral Instruction, with headquarters at 3730 McKinley Street, N.W., Washington, D. C., offered $20,000 in awards for the best methods of character education in public schools of the United States of North America, the aims and conditions of which are set forth in a little leaflet which can be obtained for the asking.

A dear old friend of Unity, a man whose life has been devoted to human helpfulness, sends his subscription from the sunshine land of California from the highlands of 83 years, accompanying it with the following word:

> On account of impaired eyesight I can get out of Unity only what friends give me, but the years add to my happiness. My unbounded faith in the future destiny of man makes me very happy.

The Chicago Israelite is responsible for our information that the present governor of the Province of Siberia was up to last summer Superintendent of the Chicago Workers' Institute, which has its headquarters at 1006 South Ashland Avenue. This recently obscure Chicago lawyer now directs the destiny of that great mysterious territory so full of gruesome history and probably as full of prophetic possibilities.

The Union Labor Advocate, a monthly published in Chicago devoted to the cause of organized labor, commits itself in its March issue to the "dry" movement. It enforces its arguments with facts and ethical appeal. Let the "laboring man" who is still jealous of his "personal liberty" and stands on his "right" to debauch himself if he wishes, send for a copy of this paper. Five cents addressed to *The Union Labor Advocate,* 107 North Market Street, Chicago, will bring it, or $1.00 will bring it for a year.

Miss Mabel Hay Barrows Mussey, the daughter of parents beloved of Unity, has compiled a collection of a dozen "Hymns of Democracy," published by A. D. Barnes & Company, apparently originally designed for use by the Queen Anne Congregational Church of Seattle. The collection includes the familiar classics of Lowell, Hosmer, Markham and others. It is a collection that might well become a handy supplement to home, week-day and Sunday school, club room and church.

A correspondent from a distance who is a close student of the history of the United States on the sensitive lines of hot issues, writes:

> As a patriot I cannot oppose my country in her hour of danger, but as a Quaker I abhor war, and believe that the one thing the world most needs is peace, if for no other reason than to give men time to recover that "reason" which seems to have taken flight. The "goings on" in Wisconsin, the state you and I know so well, are enough to make one lose faith in human nature. It is a good time just now to recall the fact that the legislature of Massachusetts once condemned Charles Sumner, and afterward repented its own blindness in not knowing its God-given prophet. However, human nature is the best material we have to work with, or God either for that matter, so I see no other way but to *work on* patiently and with all the courage we can command.

The beer disgrace will not down. In the presence of nations threatened with starvation the outrageous waste of human food goes on and the United States leads in this starvation process. According to the figures offered by *Good Government* of March 30th, the United States produced during the year 1916-1917 nearly as much beer as all the balance of the world. Leaving out Great Britain it produced twice as much beer as all the other nations, the output of the United States being approximately 61,000,000 barrels, that of Great Britain nearly 37,000,000. And still Congress, Cabinet, President and Hoover and his assistants are trying to conserve food.

The Society for Ethical Culture, 1324 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa., has published in pamphlet form Dr. Crapsey's recent address entitled "International Republicanism, the Way to Permanent Peace." He looks for American leadership in this great movement towards a world congress that must make a constitutional convention for world government. Incidentally in a note Dr. Crapsey introduces a new hero in American history, Palatiah Webster, who in a pamphlet published in 1783 outlined the plan of a federal government which finally ripened into the Constitution of the United States. Slowly but surely the heroes of peace take their places in the prophet line that abides. The man with the sword struts in the foreground, but his days are numbered, while the man with a thought, whose weapons are ballots, permanently abides in the long perspective of history.

The dry question was thrown out from Chicago politics by the election board. This action was probably justified. It is doubtless true that the monstrous petition was gathered in such haste, through the activity of so many non-experienced helpers who did not realize the importance of technicalities, that many mistakes were inevitable. Besides, many of the sheets were deliberately poisoned by fictitious signatures placed there for the purpose of queering the movement. But the liquor forces doubtless realize that this is but a passing victory. This disappointment is a most potent contribution to the future success of the dry movement in Illinois. Chicago is, of course, the headquarters of the "Wets" in Illinois. A dry State is worth more than a dry City and a dry Nation more than a dry State. The friends of sobriety in Chicago have now a clear issue to work for. Next fall it is to send to the state legislature a sufficient number of dry representatives to carry Illinois into the Federal column that will make the prohibition amendment a part of the Nation's constitution.

Our Jewish exchanges announce the unfurling of the Jewish flag from the Tower of David in Jerusalem for the first time in nineteen centuries. There is something very stimulating in this suggestion. Whatever may be the destiny of the Jewish explorations in Syria one thing is sure, that the Jew is coming to an estate that will outreach any boundaries in Asia. Whatever the future of the Russian world may be, it is not going back to the rule of Czar or to Jewish pograms. Nothing that can happen in Palestine can be so fraught with momentous significance to the Jewish race as that which is happening in Russia. The time is too soon to tell of the part the Jew is to play in the democratization of Russia, but it is safe to take the statement of Sir John Foster Frazer, Chairman of the British National War Lectures Committee, when he says as quoted by the *Chicago Israelite*, "the Jews are really the brains of the revolution," and the *Isrealite* is also right when it says that these Jewish leaders are "both idealistic and altruistic," and UNITY would like to add that such leaders have always triumphed in the long run. As it has been in the past so must it ever be in the future. The nation that offers the most open ear to the prophets has the future. The turmoil in Russia is great. The disintegration seems ominous, but we believe that no territory in Europe has a stronger grip on the future and a clearer road to progress than this same distracted land of the Slav. Wait and see what the next quarter of a century will bring forth.

Home Again

The "Editorial wanderings" came to an end on schedule time. As usual, the Editor arrived in time to conduct the Good Friday meeting at the Lincoln Centre and to conduct on Sunday morning the usual Easter Festival, in which the children joined. There were christenings, welcoming of new members and the presentation of the Confirmation Class of 1918 of seven members.

The itinerary involved visits to Rochester, Buffalo, New York City, Boston, Washington and Cumberland Gap, and represented nineteen lectures and addresses, several happy reunions around hospitable tables, a good deal of reading that would have been impossible in the routine as editor and minister at home. The new books read must await another issue for editorial notice of the same. The week's work with the students of the Lincoln Memorial University enshrined in the breaking beauty of the Cumberland mountains must also await a more careful study than is possible on this resumption of the routine work at headquarters.

The thanks of the Senior Editor are due to the generous support of the colleagues who have freshened the columns of UNITY during his absence. Through all the dissonance of war, the strain of differing opinions, the fellowship across lines, the patience with those from whom we differ, the fundamental unities typified by the Easter season have been vindicated by the experiences of March.

We come back to the ever old and ever new tasks of religion which interpreted in the plural number are the tasks of brotherhood ever blooming into the inspirations of a growing fellowship. The old work grows with new inspirations and toil breaks into fresh joy.

What Is Sedition?

A certain cruel haziness prevails in many minds as to what "sedition" is. It is assumed that those who cannot support the war must be "pro-German," and therefore disloyal to the United States. This vague impression has already blazed up in the form of hasty judicial decisions and in mob violence. The readers of UNITY ought surely to be so fair-minded and kindly as to help correct this injustice and to prevent our government from sending good men to Atlanta Prison. Have we not often heard it said, that "it is better to let ten guilty men escape than to condemn an innocent person"?

Take the case of men and women whom we know, in every community, who are incapable of sedition, espionage or treason. Blame them, if you will, because they have no use for war! But they are heartily with you in what President Wilson and most of our nation hope for, namely, that this will be the last war which we shall ever fight. This is surely not pro-German. Moreover, they believe what all would like to believe, that there must be an infinitely better way to stop war and win honorable peace than to "fight to a finish." They deplore misrepresentation, exaggeration and falsehood which every war involves on both sides. Is it a crime to try to do justice to "enemies"? Yes! actually to "love your enemies"? What nobler word did Booker Washington ever say, who knew all about the temptations to hate, than when he said that "nothing which men ever did to him would make him their enemy"! This is merely to find and respect human worth in all kinds of men. Is it sedition, then, to look for rational means to bridge the gulf to enemy nations, rather than to kill their people? Is it crime, when majorities are bidding us to "fight to the bitter end," to urge the question, whether we cannot now save millions of lives by the practical application of our religion? Who knows, unless we try?

Let anyone tell us frankly what is criminal in holding, or rather, in being held by such propositions as these, namely: we must tell the truth and obey no power that bids us deceive or lie: We must use good will and never ill will towards all men: We must be modest, as befits those who see the heights and depths of human nature: We can never choose the less of evils, we must do no evil: We cannot admit that the end ever justifies the means, for the better the end, the better the means must be: We cannot say, "Our country, right or wrong"; our business is to set our country right: We cannot follow a multitude to do evil; our business is to *do* justice, rather than to get it, and as the best way to get it: we must not threaten men, or seek vengeance, or dare to punish them, knowing that thus we harden their hearts in resentment, separate them from us, and make them worse: We must overcome evil with good, since we can never overcome evil with evil: Is it criminal to hold and love such convictions as these, and not to be able to escape them?

We are reminded of certain glaring facts of cruelty, oppression, lust, arrogance and contempt for the weak. Surely all men who have pity in their hearts abhor these things! The more is the need that we pity not only the victims but also the wretched authors of such evils, and take the more care lest we do the same awful things for which we blame others! This is not easy in the passion of war!

Tell us, now, whether there is no honorable place in the life of the nation today for men and women who, so far as they know themselves, would cheerfully die for the welfare of the nation, albeit their way to serve is not popular? Is there not room, while many are raising the cry of hate, for those who cannot hate? Does hate ever do any good? Sympathy does good; truth, convictions, and conscience do good; what does hate do, but make more hate? Must there not be some patriots who will try to bring all the good will they can draw from the infinite sources to contribute to the needs of the world?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Feb. 28, 1918.

The Downfall of Greece

There was a time when the chosen few people of Greece led the world in intellectual pursuits, in art, in poetry, in philosophy. A large and vital part of the culture of Europe is rooted directly in the language and thought of the people of Athens. The most beautiful edifice in the world was the Peace Palace of the Parthenon, erected by Pericles, to celebrate the end of the suicidal wars of Greece. It lasted 2,187 years, to be thrown down at last (1687) by the Christian bombs of the Republic of Venice.

But the "glory that was Greece" had passed away long before the fall of the Parthenon. Its cause was the one cause of all such downfalls—the extinction of strong men by war. At the best, the civilization of Greece was built on slavery, one free man to ten slaves. And when the free men were destroyed, the slaves, helots and metics overspread the territory of Hellas, mingled with Bulgarians and Albanians, barbarians crowding in from the north.

The language of Greece still lives, the tongue of a spirited and rising people. But the Greeks of the classical period—the Hellenes of literature, art, and philosophy—will never be known again. "Most of the old Greek race," says Mr. W. H. Ireland, "has been swept away and the country is now inhabited by persons of Slavonic descent." The modern Greek has been called "a Byzantinized Slav." But in contrasting

a new race with an old one, the Greeks of today with the Hellenes of Mycenæ, we must not be unjust to the moderns whose limitations are visible as compared with a race we know only from its finest examples. In spite of poverty, touchiness and love of praise, characteristic of the modern Greek, there is good stuff in him. He is frank, hopeful and enthusiastic. The mountain Greek, at least, knows the value of freedom and has more than once put up a brave fight for it.

Through the three thousand years more or less that have passed since the Greeks first sang of war and death, the same motif is heard in every true poet. Peace and security, love and friendship, these are life,—war means the loss of all that makes life worth having, all that looks forward to a better society and a better human breed, all noble aspirations buried in the dust of defeat. D. S. J.

Hate

It seems incredible that, in a country which held up its hands in holy horror, some years ago, at the German "Hymn of Hate," similar outbursts of venomous emotion should ever appear, even under the provocation of war. Very early in the European struggle, however, it was demonstrated that the German monstrosity was a manifestation of racial and not Teutonic qualities. For Lissauer's "Hymn" in Germany was succeeded almost immediately by William Watson's furious chant in England; and these in turn were followed by Henri de Regnier's poem, "The Oath," in France. So natural is this frame of mind against an enemy, that even as staunch a defender of the war as Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick spoke of it, in his "The Challenge of the Present Crisis," as something arising "spontaneously from the mood that war creates", and pointed out "how certainly we shall be tempted to it in America."

The temptation has now come, and it is being demonstrated anew that all men are indeed "of one blood." Our "Hymn of Hate" has not yet been written—perhaps because we have no poet of Lissauer's demonic power! But we are doing our best to chant our vengeance against our enemy, and to prove that, like the Psalmist, we "hate him with a perfect hatred." Witness the following verses, "Let Him Live," published on a business card—as a good advertising trick, evidently—by a certain manufacturing concern of New York:

LET HIM LIVE.

(*Permission The Silent Partner, Inc.*, 200 *Fifth Ave., New York.*)

As long as flowers their perfume give,
So long I'd let the Kaiser live—
Live and live for a million years,
With nothing to drink but Belgian tears,
With nothing to quench his awful thirst
But the salted brine of a Scotchman's curse.

* * * * * * *

In "No Man's Land," where the Irish fell,
I'd start the Kaiser a private hell;
I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas;
In every wound I'd pour ground glass;
I'd march him out where the brave boys died—
Out past the lads they crucified.

In the fearful gloom of his living tomb,
There is one thing I'd do before I was through:
I'd make him sing, in a stirring manner,
The wonderful words of "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

If we blamed Germany for the "Hymn of Hate," so should we also blame America for this vile production. As I have refused to do the one, however, so shall I refuse to do the other. Not any country, or people, is to blame, but WAR, wherein, to quote Dr. Fosdick again, "hate thrives like germs in a congenial medium."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE POWER OF THE DOG.

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day;
But when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie—
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.
Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years that Nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumor, or fits,
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,
Then you will find—it's your own affair
But—you've given your heart to a dog to tear.

When the body that lived at your single will,
When the whimper of welcome is stilled (how still),
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone—wherever it goes—for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear.

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay.
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest of cent per cent.
Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept 'em the more do we grieve;
For when debts are payable, right or wrong,
A short-time loan is as bad as a long—
So why in Heaven (before we are there!)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?

Our Dumb Animals. —*Rudyard Kipling.*

INCLUSION.

I shall not care if I shall live no more,
As men know life, as I myself have known.
The waves that race so hard to reach the shore—
They break, and backward to their deep are thrown.
They are not, yet they are—become the Sea. . . .
I lose my life, but Life will not lose me!
I shall not care if I shall love no more,
As time knows love, and, ah, as I have known!
The fire goes out and open lies the door
When summer's high ascendant sun has shone. . . .
My little fire of love burned bright, burned free—
How greater, midst the Sun of Love to be!

"Fire From the Ashes." —*Edith Thomas.*

THE PULPIT

Studies in Modern Mysticism

VI.

Modern Substitutes for the Church

The "New Thought" and Other Cults

Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, February 17, 1918.

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

Beneath the turmoil and the conflict, beneath the worry and the hate, beyond the passing phase of things we would find thee, the Eternal Calm, the undisturbed Power, the besetting Love. Behind the noblest words we would find nobler thought, above the highest deeds we would find still higher purposes. Touch us with a sense of our humanity this morning. Father, help us to recognize our finiteness, the inadequacy of words, the feebleness of phrases. Help us to commune with thee in the spirit of the noble, the faithful, the serving and the suffering children of thine. Amen.

As a social phenomenon there is something abroad that attracts the attention of great multitudes, that enlists the sympathies of a vast number of men and women, a something that seems to bring comfort and inspiration into lives that otherwise would be desolate. That something with an audacity that rather shocks the scholars and disturbs the philosophers is called "New Thought." Who in the realm of thought dares to claim a new thing today? Who dares put his finger upon a great ethical principle or moral power undisturbed or undiscovered or unstated by the great fathers of thought, devotion and experience. From Sokrates to Kant, from Buddha to Emerson, from the great confessors in Christian and pagan lands, the great poets of all ages, there has been a clear reaching out towards these fundamental experiences of soul, which combine in a sublime chorus. Earth's noblest ones have ever magnified the power of the human will. They have from the early awakenings of spirit declared life in terms of spirit. They have subordinated body to mind. This as near as I can state it, is the contention of the so-called "New Thought" cults. And still the word *"new"* is justifiable in so far as it brings to many lives fresh impulses and breaks upon many minds for the first time with startling power.

The world, particularly the American world, is prone to give McCormick the credit for discovering the American harvester, and still the records show that the original McCormick was engaged in litigation throughout his whole business life and he bequeathed a lot of law suits to his heirs, in many, if not in most of which cases, he failed to establish his right to his most fundamental patents. A mechanism that would expedite harvesting was already getting to be an American necessity, so the thought and anxiety and trend of the creative mind everywhere was looking in that direction.

The same is true of all fundamental discoveries, as I have called to your attention in many different connections. Nobody has ever found the discoverer of the watch. The question as to who made the first steel plow is still an unsettled question in the agricultural polemics of Illinois. South Bend, Ind., Moline and Canton, Ill., have mighty plow works with which to substantiate their respective claims of having been first on the job. There are no new things in a growing, ever informing, ever enlarging life. Yet the word is a convenient counter, and I for one would not fail to give due credit to this stream of real power inadequately marshalled under the name "new." It has enlisted the co-operation and sanction of such minds as Edwin Markham and Lillian Whiting. It has given rise to the widely read publications of Ralph Waldo Trine, "In Tune with the Infinite," "The New Alignment of Life"; Aaron Martin Crane's "Right and Wrong Thinking and Their Results"; A. T. Scofield's "Mental and Spiritual Healing," and Horatio W. Dresser's "The Power of Silence" and "The Spirit of the New Thought." The sanest study of this movement that has yet come to my hands is William James's chapters on The Religion of Healthy Mindedness and The Sick Soul, found in his "Varieties of Religious Experience."

This movement also finds expression in an ever widening circle of leaders from the publishing centers of Holyoke, Massachusetts, from which address Elizabeth Towne and her husband send forth the monthly, *Nautilus,* from San Francisco, California, from which place Henry Harrison Brown sends forth his monthly *Now,* and from Kansas City, where Lowell Fillmore has a large plant which is said to have cost $200,000, from which he sends a weekly, to name which he encroached upon our rights by law and custom. Many years after we had established our right to the title of Unity to a periodical recognized by the postoffice department and protected by their regulations he borrowed our name without asking our leave and we let him rather than interfere with our placidity of mind.

All these publishing centers indicate a very live, aggressive end enthusiastic following. A recent writer in the *Congregationalist* is venturesome enough to say that there are between two and three million followers of Christian Science in the world and seven or eight million followers of Mental Science. Mental Science being interpreted by this writer and by myself this morning as representing all forms of thought now current which emphasize the healing power of mind and would minimize the potency if not deny the existence of matter. In some such terms as these we must formulate a statement that will cover Theosophy, Christian Science, Suggestion, Psychometry, Hypnotism, Numerology, Palmistry and the rest of them.

This assemblage of cults is represented by the fertilities and activities which come from at least the authoritative centers mentioned. We also have a center in Chicago which is probably as active as any of them, though it has not as yet taken its place as conspicuously in leadership as the above named.

Where then are we to get a standpoint from which to study this large and growing movement. The public library branch downstairs now has a collection of only four or five thousand books, meant to be very popular and specially planned for the benefit of the children. When I asked for books along "new thought" lines they promptly sent up an armful of well read books. You will find their literature available everywhere.

This movement is passing through the travail of all religious organizations. Last year at St. Louis they

held a great national convention and achieved what the *Nautilus* thinks was a great triumph, while *Now* believes the thing accomplished was a disastrous defeat. That convention brought forth that which answers for a creed. The editor of the *Nautilus,* Mrs. Towne, pronounces it the most important thing that has happened in her life. The California man says:

> The declaration of principles issued by the Congress in St. Louis association was a declaration that caused New Thought to lose its distinctive quality. In the St. Louis Declaration it stands for everything in general and nothing in particular. . . . It opens its door to every fad, fraud and charlatan that chooses to parade under New Thought banner. The Movement has always been hampered by numerous teachers who have made reputations, not by teaching any distinctively New Thought Philosophy, but by attaching to what indefinite New Thought Principles they did teach a lot of pseudo-science and speculative fads.

The Alliance now, according to the San Francisco editor, is a "dead tree, it will cumber the ground owing to local conditions that obtained in St. Louis."

> "New Thought" will still be a phrase to conjure with, but its vitality has departed. Theosophy, Astrology, Numerology, Palmistry and like phases of supposed truth have no affiliation with the "Limitless possibilities of Man."

On the other hand Mrs. Towne testifies that she felt that she could dance.

The principles laid down as their creed were such as would provoke no discussion in this presence. They are commonplaces in the professions of every thinker. This St. Louis convention affirmed its faith in mind, in love and in truth, and such steps as lead to the coming of the kingdom. Be that as it may, some of us on the border line of religious organizations have passed through just such experiences as these representatives of "New Thought" did at St. Louis last year.

The Unitarian denominaton has had its spasm at Saratoga. It had its contest in the Western Conference that brought joy to some and despair to others.

The St. Louis declaration

> affirmed its faith in the freedom of each soul as to choice and as to belief, and would not, by the adoption of any declaration of principles, limit such freedom.
>
> We affirm the good? Man is made in the image of good, and evil and pain are but the tests and correctives, etc.
>
> We affirm health, divine inheritance. Man's body is his holy temple.
>
> We affirm the divine supply. He who serves God and man in the full understanding of the law of compensation shall not lack.
>
> We affirm the new thought of God as Universal Love, Life, Truth and Joy.

And then as a declaration of *new* truth they borrowed the phrase of Paul which is at least eighteen hundred years old to declare their faith "in him in whom we live, move and have our being." They affirm these things "not as a profession, but practice." They "affirm heaven here and now the life everlasting that becomes conscious immortality."

But we need not study the Declaration of the St. Louis Alliance, which had its minority opposition, in order to get at our problem this morning with which we are trying to close our study of these modern attempts to find a substitute for the churches that are the growth of the centuries.

The first thing that characterizes them all, from theosophy on and out, or up and down, as you choose, is a big emphasis on healing powers, the attempt to discount body by paying a great deal of attention to its ills. They all stand for a determination to eliminate pain and secure the discipline of life by mental power. That they do these things with very severe limitations I have admitted from the start. As to how and why they do them I know not, but it is not for me to discount facts whether it is Mrs. Eddy, who by her own confession was cured by Mr. Quimby by means which she afterwards spoke of as most dangerous and warned her disciples against the use of that which she admitted cured her. All the way from Dowie out and back, from the Lady of Lourdes to the Holy Hill of Wisconsin, they have claimed healing powers divine or otherwise. As for me I am willing to admit and am anxious to recognize all the facts in the case. I have no right to discount their statements, still less right to close my eyes to abandoned crutches and neglected instruments. There are startling world potencies being discovered day by day. many of them making for world health. There is a great mass of "ills" that is psychic in origin and psychic in cure. Make-believe agonies are readily overcome by sanity. There is a potency in mind to ostracize selfishness, indolence and the evils that spring therefrom.

But the one marvel in all these substitutes for the church is that in them all religion is primarily a remedial force healing our bodies the existence of which some deny. This is harking back to primitive man who put the prophet, the priest and the healer into one pair of shoes as the "medicine-man." The method by which they reach their conclusion is practically the same only the omissions and theories of the systems differ. All of their "thought cures" are ego-centric, and therein lies the secret of their power and perhaps the secret of their passing potency. They start with a theory of human life and a philosophy of God based on individual experience, the "I," the "my" and "mine" of faith and religion. Some of us are distressed by the *Christo-centric* theology of the so-called "orthodox church," which church would formulate a religion with Jesus Christ as the center. From the Man of Nazareth, who was born nineteen centuries ago, must radiate salvation and in him the spiritual economy of the universe is centered. Some of us feel the inadequacy of this Christo-centric theology because we find similar potencies, parallel energies radiating from other spiritual centers and illuminating other lives beyond the outermost reach of the Christian circle.

Some of us have also felt that even the *theo-centric* theology and philosophy of the great monotheists of history, Jewish and Mohammedan, in the earlier and more conservative forms were inadequate. The light of history and of experience as an emanation from some potency outside of life and beyond this world, some God sitting on his throne, king-like first creating, then correcting and directing his universe from the outside, does not satisfy either the thinking head or the chastened heart. And so tutored by experience as well as by philosophy we feel that our religion must at least be cosmo-centric, our God must be an expression of that which is as large as the universe, the intelligence of the divine must reach the planets, the will of the Eternal must not be interpreted by my stomachic distress as much as by the sweep of the planets, the swing of the comets and the records of the stars.

It may be comforting to feel that the Almighty is going to help you to buy a home. It is consoling to feel that he is interested in your debts and that he will pay for the picture you want to hang in your room. In the *Nautilus* there is a department called the "Success Department" in which is offered a prize of $5 for the best story in each six months and a couple of subscriptions for the best story in each particular issue.

Letter No. 638 tells how a widow began with a setting of eggs and a "borrowed hen" and won to competency by the help of the Lord.

Letter No. 639 tells how a man was enamored of a certain hill in the suburbs as a very desirable place on which to build his home. He had no money but he knew God would help him, so he bought it on time. After he had paid the first note he did not know from where the second note would come, but he knew God would help him as he had done on the first. He says, "It took me three years to pay for it, but it is mine now and I have been offered three times what I paid for it."

It is comforting to think that the Lord may lend himself to that kind of work and I am not disposed to deny it. I am willing to take his word for it. But there is danger that the first practical outcome of this is to make of religion a hospital clinic and the first obvious advantage received from the Lord is the removal of bodily ills, this advantage to continue until mental and moral ills are removed.

One man gives an account of how he was cured from drunkenness because Miss So-and-So "prayed for him like the Devil." He did not know at the time what she was doing. She had never known him, he was a non-resident patient, but her prayer did the work.

Another woman summoned a successful practitioner on the coast to help her in trying to furnish her office. One man advised her that matting and camp chairs would do to begin with, but she felt that there was an element of art in success and so she wanted better furniture and carpets. She carried it to the Lord. Her man friend joined her in prayer and while he prayed she went out and obtained the needed $75, found a man to go with her to the bank and sign her note and she returned triumphant, finding her friend still praying as she exclaimed, "I have it!" This story is paralleled with an endless amount of detail in all these healing cults.

These stories have elements of consolation and comfort. I am not prepared to say that they do not work. But I do marvel if that is the highest introduction to the mystic power of religion that has worked itself into the human conscience through the ages. There is such a thing as mental discipline. We perhaps need these artificial helps.

A healer publishes in *Now* a "Training Card on Faith" for you to apply. On this card, she says, the afflicted is to say, "I am to have profound faith in my True Self, to have faith that is strong, vital, positive, powerful." The thirteenth count declares you are "to have profound conviction." The fourteenth says you are "to Radiate, Inspire, and Contage." I do not know what "contage" is, but I am sure it must be something potent.

These practitioners in Holyoke, San Francisco and elsewhere are inefficient and inadequate compared with the mighty reservoir of power that is to be unloosed when Billy Sunday gets God into action, gets him harnessed to Chicago problems.

We further see in all these movements the hopes of man, ever looking for a new Messiah, some special, freshly arrived revelator from on high. The Jews waited for centuries for such a coming. Every prospective Mother in Israel prayed that to her might be given the divine honor of giving to her race its liberator, that to her might come the high honor of giving birth to The Messiah. All the way down through the ages human beings, men and women, have been crowned by their fellow beings with a divine aura, have been hailed as Messiahs and adored and worshipped as such.

A certain Ibrahim George Kheiralla, a Christian missionary in the far East, hastened at once in the name of Christianity to discover in the Baha 'o'llah a fulfillment of the requirements of the Jewish Messiah and also the requirements of the Mohammedans. He has fitted this modern prophet into the text of the Christian Bible. Not only this, but his "scientific studies" have enabled him to go further and he was able also to fit him into the promises of the Koran. The same thing has been done over and over from Mrs. Eddy back. She herself would seem to claim at times the special illumination. She talked confidently of her "discovery" as something unheard of before. All Messiahship finds its first authority in marvels of healing and in the bringing of peace to the disturbed mind.

The stories of these advent leaders open up a curious field of literature. Read Eggleston's "End of the World" and see how the Millerite movement swept over southern Indiana to the abandonement of the industries of the farm, to such an extent that famine was menaced.

In *Now* comes one who discovers in Mother Goose an occult revelation, a hidden prophecy. I read it over two or three times in order to be sure that I was to take it seriously. This woman speaks of Mother Goose as an "occult book by an ancient mystic." I quote:

> There was an old woman tossed in a blanket
> Seventy times as high as the moon.

This is clearly a prohecy of the present aviation. The airship, rising thousands of feet, becomes so much smaller when compared with the moon at the time that it well may be said to be "seventy times as high." My! But this was a wonderful prophetic perception. Few prophesies are so perfectly plain when we understand them.

> Old woman! Old woman! Why up so high?

Then the marvelous prophetic instinct that saw the end of the present war in her answer. Compare it with Tennyson's:

> Then the war drums beat no longer and the battle flags were furled
> In the Parliament of Man! The Federation of the World!

Or Emerson's statement fifty years ago: "The next war will be fought in the air."

> To sweep the cobwebs from the sky.

"Cobwebs" is undoubtedly "battle-clouds." Swept away, there'll be no more war.

> I'll be with you by and by.

This means when wars are over then Peace—for the Old Woman herself symbolizes Peace—Peace will come and dwell on earth.

Let us never forget when crooning to our children this epic of ancient wisdom, that we are teaching through this wondrously elastic method of symbolism the principle of Peace!

Let young mothers with their babes take note. There are resources in the universe yielding to the highest and holiest facts of life. And the present group of

agencies present their claims as substitutes for the old-fashioned, stupid, ineffective and apparently declining in potency churches.

I recoil from the egotism involved in all of this. I do not know what the secret of the universe is, I cannot fathom the purposes of the mighty Lord. But I cannot believe that my own personal comfort and my own trivial contentions can be made determining factors in a true estimation of the eternal power. I am not willing to worship a healing God who gives me a home on the hill while millions starve in the slums of the cities, inadequately fed, unhoused and uncomforted.

This is my great distress with the "new cults" that seek to supplant the churches.

One of their own writers states that Mental Science is the opposite pole of sociology. I should hope such a statement to be unfair but I take her word for it for there is too much truth in it. There is in all these cults too much of the old seeking for personal salvation that has been the reproach of historic Christianity.

There is majesty and power in the dramatic conception of a process by which a soul may, by laying hold of the conditions of salvation, escape from eternal woe and find instead eternal bliss. But when the Lord of heaven and earth stoops to carpet my office, to relieve me from neuralgia, to restore displaced organs in my little body that the rest of my mortal time may be spent in ease and power the majesty of the scheme of salvation is gone. The glory of the universe is shriveled into a peripatetic physician, subject to call, one who works without instruments and heals without medicine. I do not deny the cure but I resent the claims of these movements as substitutes for the old time effort to combine men, women and children with some common bond of discipline and aspiration, some common ministry of consolation, some effort to voice in prayer and hymn a common life, and this but preliminary to something more. We unfortunately talk of "introductory services." The "introduction" is to a study of the woes of the world, to a recognition of the pangs of society, to a co-operative effort to lift our ward, our city and our nation into sanity and then make of it but a link in the endless chain that surrounds the world.

There is something higher to concern us than how to get rid of disease, though that is a bothersome thing. There is a bacteria though they would ignore it that exterminated would banish consumption. The world is too large to be reduced to a formula that will bring health.

One or two illustrations and I close. I have read recent copies of the *Nautilus* and *Now* very carefully. I have consulted no authorities except those which have come from the "headquarters." One woman reader writes gratefully to her healer, saying that she has "cut off all reading except the headlines of the daily papers." While she used to be a voracious reader of the best magazines and high literature she reads now nothing but the literature that comes from headquarters. This may work well for the sick. Doubtless does seem to work well in this case, but I would rather be wracked with pain than to lose the inspirations that have come to me these many years through Wordsworth, Emerson, Browning and the rest of them. I would rather suffer shortsightedness which some of these friends say can be cured, than to lose the peace and power that visits me, on rare occasions, through moonshine and sunlight, through valleys and mountains, the daisies and the pines.

I want a religion that is at least large enough to take in the vernal equinox and bring reverence, awe, faith and potency as I look up to the milky way. I want a religion that will be augmented by the revelations of the telescope and none the less by the disclosures of the microscope.

Is the church outgrown? Call it dogmatic, formal, give it all the cuffs and curses that you have at your command, perhaps it deserves them all. I am not pleading for my type of a church or for a Protestant type of a church. I have found them all, of every name and variety, rallying to some kind of a co-operative attempt to come into an appreciation of the infinite, some incomprehensive and inexplicable but very real contact with the Divine.

A friend recently sent me a cartoon clipped from a Boston daily dated February 12, a thought provoking date. It strangely disturbed and interfered with my studies of "mental science" and I am going to give you the benefit of the interruption. This cartoon shows a bleak, typical winter scene, naked trees, heavy with snow, rail fences, and all under a heavy blanket of snow. A pioneer with his gun and dog probably out tracking rabbits encounters another neighbor who has come up out of the village riding a typical old pioneer horse with a sack of meal behind him. The only letter explanation is the head line, "Hardin County 1809." Says this huntsman:

"Any news down t' th' village, Ezry?"

"Well, Squire McLean's gone t' Washin'ton t' see Madison swore in, an' ol' Spellman tells me this Bonaparte fella has captured most o' Spain. What's new out here, neighbor?"

"Nuthin' a tall, nuthin' a tall, 'cept fer a new baby down t' Tom Lincoln's. Nuthin' ever happens out here."

What a startling revelation is this of the subtle hidden forces of God, what a suggestion of the great subterranean rivers of destiny, breaking unannounced, unwelcomed, unheralded, impinging upon the life of the mortal.

"Nothing happened!" but fifty-four years after four million fetters fell from off enslaved limbs. Nothing happened! But last week the school children touched with awe and tenderness from ocean to ocean, lisped, spelled, pronounced, sang and shouted the name of that baby born in Tom Lincoln's cabin.

I plead for the old sanctities and welcome the new experiments. Compared to the "nothing" that happened in Hardin County, Kentucky, in 1809, how petty and inadequate are our smart confidences in the infallibility of eugenics and birth control, heredity and all that kind of thing. Out of the Nazareths come the saviors of the world. From log huts, from far off valleys have the Redeemers come. I believe there are undiscovered potencies within your breast and mine, but I pray that it may not blind my soul by shallow conceit to any egotistic cult, that would have me believe that the power that swings the planets will come down and tend to my backache on request.

I plead for an appreciation of the cosmic glories of this world for the mighty conscious touch of pathos and beauty of human nature and the sublime consolations of history.

Father, may our prayers ever rise to prayer, may our petitions give way to appreciation. Open our eyes to see thy glory, open our hearts that we may feel thy presence in the tender loves, the high hopes within and around us. Above all kindle within us the divine desire to help. Amen.

The Chicago Parliament of Religions and Its Results

In two preceding articles I have spoken of experiences in the Orient that had more or less connection with the great Parliament of Religions in Chicago. In the present article I want to speak of the Chicago Parliament itself.

It was twenty-five years ago that that great and unique gathering was held. Few persons except those who actually attended it and therefore who remember the throngs that it attracted realize how great an affair it was; and few, even of those who saw it with their own eyes, have an adequate understanding of the important results that have come from it. In that Parliament, for the first time in the history of the world eminent representatives of all the great religious faiths of mankind came together on a platform of human brotherhood,—not to wrangle or dispute, but to confer,—each to give a constructive presentation of the central truths, principles, aims and ideals of the faith which he represented, as understood not by its enemies but by its friends, by those who believed in it, loved it and worshipped at its altars.

To tens of thousands of people who attended the various sessions the addresses were such a surprise as they had never known. Most of the attendants of course were Christians, who had all their lives been taught to believe that there is one true God, our own, and that all others are false; that there is one true revelation of God, our Bible, and that all other sacred books are from men or the devil; that there is only one true religion, our own; and that if the adherents of other faiths are to be saved they must give up their religions and accept our Christianity. Judge of the surprise which men and women accustomed to this way of thinking experienced when they heard the representatives of the great non-Christian faiths of the world setting forth ethical and spiritual truths, precepts and ideals, many of which were as pure, as high and as uplifting as our own. For the first time in their lives they learned the meaning of the New Testament teaching, "God hath not left Himself without witness in any land." For the first time they got a vision of a God not limited to Christians, or Christians and Jews; of inspiration as wide as humanity; of revelation as large as all truth.

Probably the total number of persons who heard these larger views of religion at the Chicago Parliament did not fall below seventy-five or a hundred thousand. Still more important, the principal addresses were printed in full in the great Chicago dailies, and in many papers of other cities, thus reaching some millions of readers. Finally, when the Parliament was over, careful reports of all were published in two great volumes which soon made their way into nearly all the principal libraries of the world. Thus in one form or another, either through the spoken or the printed word, the message of the Parliament was carried to a surprisingly large number of the most intelligent class of men and women, not only in America and in most other Christian countries, but in many non-Christian lands as well.

Of course it was impossible that a gathering so notable as that in Chicago could pass away without being followed by efforts, later, to perpetuate or reproduce it. The memory of such a congress could not fail to suggest the holding of other congresses of like character to carry forward still further the good work which it had begun. Just that was what happened. There has been held since then no other single great Parliament on a world scale, but there have been held many other smaller ones having essentially the same object in view.

The most important of these were nine National Congresses of Religion held in this country (in Chicago, Nashville, Omaha, Memphis, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Buffalo, Green Bay and Boston) during the dozen or fifteen years immediately following the Chicago Parliament, and six International Religious Congresses held between 1900 and 1912 in Boston, London, Amsterdam, Geneva, Berlin and Paris.

Out of the first great gathering, the Mother-Parliament, at least three results of great importance have sprung which are not generally recognized.

1. Since the Chicago Parliament, and largely in consequence of the new interest in the non-Christian faiths of mankind created by it, we have seen a great and widespread enrichment of our religious literature having to do with non-Christian or extra-Christian fields. A large number of books on the comparative study of religions and on all the great individual religions of the world, and many of them the very best we possess, have been written during these twenty-five years not only in this country but in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe.

2. Another result scarcely less important has been the establishment of chairs of Comparative Religion or for the study of Oriental and other non-Christian faiths, in great numbers of universities and theological schools in America and other Christian lands. Before the Parliament there were very few such chairs; now they are found in nearly all higher institutions of learning that make any claim to broad scholarship.

3. Finally, a permanently important and widespread effect of the Parliament appears in connection with Christian missions. Since Chicago it has been impossible for intelligent men to take the narrow and bigoted view of the non-Christian religions and peoples of the world that was almost universal before that illuminating gathering. If Christian missions, particularly in the Orient, are growing broader, more reasonable and more useful, as they clearly are, and if their spirit is becoming more sympathetic toward what is good in other faiths, as is the case, to the Chicago Parliament must be given a large part of the credit.

It is not too much to say of the Chicago Parliament, that it set up a new standard of religious sympathy and fellowship for Christendom and the world. Through it the more intelligent mind of all nations caught a glimpse of a larger religion, a larger God, a larger human brotherhood. At Chicago was kindled a new religious light for all mankind, a light that is sure to shine brighter and brighter as the years go on.

Is it too much to dream and to hope that when the present war is over, and the nations are once more clothed and in their right mind, a new interest will

spring up in such gatherings as the great Parliament in Chicago? Could anything possibly be devised that would be more effective in healing the wounds of the war and lifting the nations out of the divisions, the hates and the antagonisms that the awful struggle has created, than a series of such international gatherings, based on the principle of universal religious brotherhood, held in all the three continents, of America, Europe and Asia? Has not the time come for foreseeing men and women who believe in a better future for this war-scarred, hate-torn, and sect-divided world of ours, to begin dreaming this fine dream?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Little Tenants of the Trees

The mocking-bird seems to be the spokesman for all birddom in the south. Would that I might speak his language and be a better companion for him! As for me there is no fault to find with *his* royal company —warbling, trilling, debating, and his everlasting garrulity. Now the little chap is making a "stump speech," carrying his argument to the topmost branches of the beautiful camphor tree—his home. Am wondering if this birdling has thoughts that soar and are as changeful as his notes? As he perches on my windowsill in the moonlight he is worth studying, whisking his tail with all his small might, singing, and using all his blandishments seeming to crave admiration at this unseemly hour "when honest folk are in bed and rogues about their business." His gaiety is infectious, but sometimes one wishes he would reserve this hilarity for daylit hours! Many debatable questions arise between Mr. Mocking Bird and his Heart's Choice. Doesn't the newly chosen home site suit the lady or, are these questions up for free discussion of a more serious nature? As for example, higher education for the oncoming family, birth control, or some amendment or other! During these days of strenuous food conservation perhaps the dear birds are short on crumbs. We know well some of the great tragedies in bird life and hang our heads, thinking of the ruthless hands that often deprive these innocent tenants of the trees of family and home. We learn from students of bird-life that inconstancy between bird lovers is rare, but no doubt there are a few domestic infelicities, but perhaps their habit of free speech brings harmony to the nest and through experience is able to dispel all shades of worry or doubt. My sympathies are with you, little feathered friend, while listening to your "side of the argument" which is interspersed *with song*, but I may not express them alas! Our world owes you much for your matchless music and good cheer, far flung, and "as free as salvation"! You are the interpreters of joy as the poets are of life. You should be co-workers in lifting the children of men out of sorrow or sordidness into light and joy. You learned your notes in that big school of fine arts—Nature—and through much practice have become the great artist you are! There, there little one, do not try that last throat splitting note, sweet enough no doubt, to dry the tears in human eyes. Is *this* your mission, is *this* what you are trying to tell me in your song?

St. Petersburg, Fla. C. F. WETMORE.

THE STUDY TABLE

Books About Mexico

The flood of books about Mexico shows no sign of abatement. Four books have lately come to hand, none of them of the first importance. Hagar's *Plain Facts About Mexico*[1] makes no pretension beyond its title. It is a summary statement of "the natural, racial, economic, industrial and institutional conditions" in Mexico. It does not go at all into history or politics; it makes no attempt to solve problems; it aims only to answer the questions which the practical man is likely to ask about the country. It is up to date and reliable. It is a book to keep at hand for quick reference.

Whether Second Lieutenant George B. McClellan's Mexican War Diary was worth editing and publishing may be questioned.[2] Prof. William Starr Myers of Princeton University, who is preparing an exhaustive life of McClellan, thought it was and has just published it. At the time of the Mexican War McClellan had just graduated from West Point, second in his class; he was commissioned a brevet second lieutenant of engineers. He was not yet twenty years old. The diary begins with September 24, 1846, when he left West Point, and really ends with its account of the battle of Cerro Gordo in April, 1847. (Five absolutely unimportant entries carry it on to Christmas, 1852.) As a diary it is sketchy and inadequate, with interruptions and some after-thoughts. The only matter of real interest in it is the account of the doings at Vera Cruz and the battle of Cerro Gordo. Its actual significant contents might have been condensed into two or three pages for the "life" that Prof. Myers is preparing. As a book it is neatly gotten out and conscientiously edited; it is embellished with an interesting contemporary portrait, the reproduction of a page of the manuscript, and a pencil sketch by McClellan of the church at Camargo. Prof. Myers thinks the diary has special value at the present time as showing the failure of our time-honored "volunteer system," but surely we need no new demonstration of that dismal fact.

The rather painful effort to find ways of "helping Mexico" shows itself in various studies and publications. Of course no nation is called upon to solve the problems of another and efforts in that direction usually end disastrously. The duty of any nation is to itself—first and last and all the time. Our one concern with Mexico should be to make sure that our necessary and natural dealings with her are absolutely just and honest; we should genuinely respect her rights and firmly insist upon her respecting ours. What she needs from us is absolute integrity and fairness. She does not ask or need advice, or instruction, or interference. She knows her problems better than we ever can know them and, left to herself, will find some way of solving them, *just about as well as we solve ours*. However, we are never so happy as when meddling and investigating others. Just now it seems that a Committee for the Study of Educational Conditions in Mexico is laboring; its report lies before us.[3]

1. *Plain Facts about Mexico.* George J. Hagar. New York: 1916. Harper and Brothers. 16° pp. 80. Price $0.50 net.

2. *The Mexican War Diary of General George B. McClellan.* Edited by William Starr Myers. Princeton: 1917. 16° pp. v. 97. Princeton University Press. Price $1.00 net.

3. *A Study of Educational Conditions in Mexico and an Appeal for an Independent College.* Cincinnati: 1916. Committee for the Study of Educational Conditions in Mexico. 8° pp. 98.

The Committee consists of University Presidents and Professors representing our educational institutions from New York to California and from Illinois to Tennessee. The report is written by a teacher in a Southern school, who has "taught in Mexico for thirty years"—apparently in mission schools. It is not a bad report—on the contrary it is fairly sympathetic and aims at fairness; it is commented with footnotes by Ezequiel A. Chavez—the Mexican educator—and Prof. Cox. It would be easy to write a voluminous commentary upon it. We shall, however, refrain and merely register the hope that no "Independent College" will be started by outsiders. The country is already amply supplied with mission schools of various Protestant denominations. If Mexico develops from within—and no other development will be truly useful—these will gradually disappear before the governmental and church schools, which, in the long run, must be better equipped and more liberally supported than they can be. Apparently the "Independent College" contemplated is one after the pattern of Robert College, Constantinople; such a school in Mexico would be a calamity; it would be looked upon with suspicion from the beginning and would inevitably lead to political complications.

Mr. Pani is well known in present-day Mexican educational and political circles. He was a member of the Mexican-American Commission at New London and Atlantic City in 1916; he has been in charge of the Mexican National Railway system; he has been charged by President Carranza to make various special investigations and to report on them. The book before us, *Hygiene in Mexico,* is a report upon such an investigation.[4] Starting out with the statement that the City of Mexico is the most insalubrious city of its size, he studies to find causes and remedies. A considerable part of the book consists of quotations from Miss Montefiori on model houses and from his own report on education and comments that were made upon it. While fully recognizing the importance of public schools and having definite ideas as to the amount and kind of education just now desirable in Mexico, Mr. Pani thinks it more important at present that the body of the child be fed and clad and housed than that his mind be educated.

FREDERICK STARR.

I KNOW A TRAIL ON TOBY.

I know a trail on Toby,
It leaves the little town
A half mile behind it
To the climber looking down;
I've climbed it many happy times—
I did not climb alone.

I know a trail on Toby
Where ferns and grasses meet
To fling a friendly softness
For upward straining feet,
While overhead the hemlocks
And balsam firs are sweet.

The May-flower peeps in April
Beneath the melting snow,
The wand of staid October
Sets every tree aglow;
I know a trail on Toby—
It is all I know.

House and Garden. —*Willard Wattles.*

4. *Hygiene in Mexico.* Alberto J. Pani. New York and London: 1917. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. xii 206. Price $1.50 net.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XI.

How the Arts Began

II.

A glance through a file of the *National Geographic Magazine* confirms our conviction that primitive man as revealed both by geologic remains and existing evidences as we find them was capable of art expression and that he loved to give that plus to life which lies beyond bread and butter and comfort.

In the *Geographic* for May, 1916, in articles on Peru, we are told of the prehistoric Peruvians, pre-Incas, Megalithic or Big Stone men. These people were not only highly specialized agriculturists but builders of forts of huge stones, fitted together with great precision without mortar or cement, with no building tools other than hammers and fiber ropes. The existing remains of hanging gardens or staircase farms indicate marvelous accomplishment.

In the issue of June, 1914, is an article on "The Home of a Forgotten Race." In Yucatan are the remains of a city which may be 2,000 years old or less, or over 11,500 years, as claimed by one writer. The time may come when the hieroglyphics on the tablets of stone, at present sealed writings, will be deciphered. It appears that when the Spaniards conquered this territory in their religious zeal they destroyed by fire,

> 5,000 idols of distinct forms and sizes, 13 altar stones, 22 stones, carved and of small sizes; 27 rolls of ancient hieroglyphics on deerskin, 197 vases of all sizes and patterns and many other unrecorded objects.

The present inhabitants of this region do not seem to have kept up with their former civilization.

In the March, 1913, number we read of mysterious temples in the jungle, in the prehistoric ruins of Guatemala, where there are falling monuments containing gylphs well preserved which "when the clew has been found" will be easily legible. The carvings are very clear cut, resembling a little the Egyptian. This writer says: "Among them is to be found the most perfect pieces of carving I have yet seen among American antiquities."

In the September, 1911, number we can visit the troglodyte of Asia Minor. At Urgub there are cone dwellings or pyramids made of soft stone. Professor Sterrett of Cornell concludes that

> The cones of Cappadocia were well known and inhabited in the dim distant Hittite period, at about 1900 B. C., a date beyond which we cannot go and need not try to go.

Our friend Theodore Roosevelt contributes an article in the February, 1916, number on "How Old Is Man." His article is largely based on the work of Osborn. He has reproduced some Osborn illustrations and gives some interesting figures. He claims that the most complete records of prehistoric man that

have been made are of those men who lived in France at least 100,000 years ago.

The fact is that while we are beginning to realize what has been taking place on this earth, man has only bored just a few holes into this old globe of ours and studied the borings still less. The caves are still unsealed books.

At one time we had no trouble in classifying the early religions of man, which we will study next year. There were the Egyptian, Babylonian and Assyrian, down to the Greek and Roman religions, but we have found by simply searching the records and studying the antiquities that there were countless others.

The older authorities would say that all art began in religion. Others would say that art began in military display. The truth is that we cannot trace art to a psychic or an ethical root. It is simply an overflow of life. Primitive man had leisure, what the modern man seldom has; he had all the time he wanted in which to amuse himself and do things. Art was the expression of primitive man's playtime just as games gush out of the undirected energies of the child.

Grosse, in his chapter on representative art, has much to say of the art developed in the frigid zone by Eskimo and Finlanders, who in their long winters could spend their time in etching and painting fish and animals on skins.

In this leisure man has found expression for intangible dreams, fancies and ideals all of which mean a growing, changing view of life. The theologian hates uncertainties but the scientist hates a dogma. He will not stand by his own statements if he can help it because he knows his last and clearest word is only tentative and tomorrow he will modify or change it. We are trying to form our estimate of primitive man in the light of science and not dogma.

We halted last week over the question of dancing. Is it a "fine art"? Grosse seems to believe that for primitive man the dance was a very valuable means of expression, perhaps that psychic plus we have been talking about.

Oftentimes dancing was a recruiting exercise for war, a way of celebrating the seasons, the spring and autumn festivals and to welcome the moon. Grosse speaks of it as a means of unification.

> It brings and accustoms a number of men who, in their loose and precarious conditions of life, are driven irregularly hither and thither by different individual needs and desires to act under one impulse with one feeling for one object. It introduces order and connection, at least occasionally, into the rambling, fluctuating life of the hunting tribes. It is, besides wars, perhaps the only factor that makes their solidarity vitally perceptible to the adherents of a primitive tribe, and it is at the same time one of the best preparations for war, for the gymnastic dances correspond in more than one respect to our military exercises. It would be hard to over-estimate the importance of the primitive dance in the culture development of mankind. All higher civilization is conditioned upon the uniformly ordered co-operation of individual social elements, and primitive men are trained to this co-operation by the dance.

The primitve dance was the poetry of the people, the drama of the family, clan and tribe, and only remotely connected with sex. The first great dance was done by man and the highest type was the solo.

The conclusion seems to be that the dance is no longer the most effective means of shaping human emotions. Music has gotten loose from the feet and hands and makes its own harmonies. What dancing was in the social life of the hunting tribe poetry is for civilized peoples.

To again quote Grosse he says in his conclusion:

> The hegemony passes, in the onward course of the development of civilization, from one art to another. We recognize the most powerful social influence among the hunting peoples as vested in the dance; to the Greeks, sculpture incorporated the social ideal in its most effective form; in the middle ages, architecture united bodies and souls in the halls of its gigantic cathedrals; in the Renascence, painting spoke a language that was understood by all the cultivated peoples of Europe; and in the modern age the soothing voice of poetry resounds mightily over the clash of arms of hostile conditions and peoples. But although the social significance of individual arts has thus changed in the course of ages, the social significance of art has continuously increased. The educational influence which it has exercised on the rudest tribes has steadily broadened and risen. While the highest social function of primitive art consisted in unification, civilized art, with its richer and more individually executed works, serves not for unification only, but primarily for the elevation of the spirit. As science enriches and elevates our intellectual life, so art enriches and elevates our emotional life. Art and science are the two most powerful means for the education of the human race.

Life in our cities is growing more and more complex. The dance has become too nearly a degenerate expression of sex relation and today that dance is not popular that does not justify the most intimate relation between the sexes. One thing we know to be true, that the greatest menace to our soldier boy is through the doors of the dance hall. We believe in the dance and believe it will be restored, but it will be as an incidental element and not fundamental. It will not be a fine art for popular purposes. It will be a great gain to society if in the twentieth century the dance can be made a means of social power and influence.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What place had art in the life of primitive man?
(2) What was the form of the early dance and the occasions of its exercise?
(3) What forms remain of primitive art in Guatemala?

THE SECRET.

All yesterday I knew full well
That something good was on the way—
The waters laughed and would not tell—
The oak leaves sang and would not say.

Today I know their secret too—
Three larks are telling it about—
And just to prove that it is true
The pussy-willow buds are out.

—*Susan Myra Gregory.*

The Poetry Journal.

PIERRETTE GOES.

Pierrette has gone, but it was not
Exactly that she died,
So much as vanished, and forgot
To say where she would hide.

To keep a sudden rendezvous
It came into her mind
That she was late. What could she do
But leave distress behind?

Afraid of being in disgrace,
And hurrying to dress,
She heard there was another place
In need of loveliness.

She went so softly and so soon—
She hardly made a stir,
But, going, took the stars and moon
And sun away with her.

Poetry. —*William Griffith.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

War Hysteria in Vermont

And now comes New England in deep humiliation pleading guilty to the charge of persecuting Christians in the name of patriotism. We can take no comfort from the fact that the treatment accorded Rev. C. H. Waldron of Windsor, Vermont, recently tried under the Espionage Act, is not so drastic as that administered to Rev. Herbert Bigelow of Cincinnati, Ohio, nor yet so in defiance of justice as the case of the two ministers and the Quaker who were mobbed and then convicted of inciting to riot in Los Angeles, California. The same spirit was in evidence. The same methods were advocated by many. But the extreme expression of this spirit was held in check by the fact that the case was so clearly one involving religious conviction rather than political beliefs.

Rev. Mr. Waldron was brought to the attention of the public by the report of a demonstration which was conducted against him on the evening of "Liberty Loan Sunday" on October 21st last. He did not observe the suggestions of the day because of his conviction that the church services should be used for worship and for the preaching of the Gospel and for these things only. The report that he had not observed the patriotic suggestions at the morning service spread abroad and in the evening a large group of people assembled in front of the church, called Mr. Waldron to the steps and asked him to sing the Star Spangled Banner. This, he said he would do, if they would come in and hear him preach. Some consented to do so; whereupon, draping the flag about him, he sang the National anthem. At this, the crowd dispersed and the evening services were concluded without further interruption.

The matter was reported to the Federal authorities and the Baptist State officials, and culminated in an indictment by a Federal Grand Jury on December 21st, charging wilful and felonious interference with the military forces of the United States, by causing disloyalty among the young men who were members of his Bible Class. There were two other counts in the indictment, but both were dropped before the end of the trial for lack of evidence. Mr. Waldron was placed under arrest, released on bail and told that his trial was set for January 8th.

Difficulties in Getting an Attorney

After various delays, the case was finally placed before a Boston attorney who filed a motion for a continuation, in order to have time for investigation and preparation. He advised Mr. Waldron to retain the best criminal lawyer which he could secure in Vermont. The motion to continue the case was emphatically denied, but a prominent Vermont attorney was secured through a local Windsor attorney. Both these attorneys decided that the only course to pursue was to plead guilty. They said that this was war time; that no jury could be secured which would not convict in such a case; that the matter of time to investigate the case was unnecessary and no excuse for delaying the trial; and that it was their conscientious duty to advise their client to do what they considered to be for his best good. They did hope that they could get the judge to be lenient with the sentence. The judge refused all pleas for leniency in sentencing and gave every one to understand that if the defendant pleaded guilty or was found guilty, he would give him the full sentence provided by the law. Mr. Waldron insisted that, whatever the technicalities might be, he was not guilty of being in any way unpatriotic or of attempting, wilfully, to interfere in any way with the laws of the United States. Finally under these circumstances, thirty minutes before the trial opened, both attorneys for the defense refused point blank to take the case to trial on the evidence. Mr. Waldron entered the court without legal counsel, trusting in his own clear conscience and the mercy of the court for a fair trial and for justice.

To the honor of the court, let it be here said, that he got both. The judge asked whether he had funds to employ an attorney. Himself without salary, his father a minister past middle age on a meagre salary, his brother in a distant city accepting the newspaper stories of his guilt, he was most truthful in saying that he had not. The court then appointed a prominent local attorney to defend him. This man, handicapped as he was, and without pay, conducted a very able defense.

It now seems that this is the only method by which a Vermont attorney could have been secured to stay by the case long enough to look into the evidence connected with it.

Although soon after the public demonstration against him for failure to observe "Patriotic Sunday" in October, his congregation had passed a vote of confidence in him, at a subsequent church meeting in November arranged by the Baptist State officials, Mr. Waldron resigned and his resignation was accepted. At this meeting a considerable number of the congregation, especially those of the Pentecostal faith, withdrew from the church with their pastor, feeling that an injustice had been done. Mr. Waldron continued to reside in Windsor and to act as pastor to those of the church who had withdrawn with him. From the first the Baptist State officials used their best efforts to induce him to leave Windsor, offering him every aid in securing a Baptist church elsewhere. Finally, finding him determined to stay by what he had come to believe was a real religious awakening in Windsor, they threatened to use the courts in securing his removal from the Windsor Baptist church. His resignation and the Federal indictment followed soon afterwards. The secretary of the State Baptist convention worked with the District Attorney in obtaining witnesses and in preparing the case for the government. At 7 a. m. on the morning of the trial this Baptist official, through the aid of the attorney for the defense, secured an interview with Mr. Waldron, and obtained a written statement from him that he would leave Windsor in two weeks.—*H. L. Rotzel.*

(To be continued.)

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